

## LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

by the noted author  
Idah McGlone Gibson

Karl didn't wait with us after all. Unexpected business kept him at home, but during the year that followed, while Alice and I seemed to travel over all the waters of the earth, both he and Tom joined us twice for a month. It seemed to me that I did nothing in that long voyage, which took us wherever our inclination pointed, but try to regain my physical health and take care of my baby.

I remember very distinctly how Mary would lie out on the deck in a little bed, made up in a steamer chair and with her eyes half closed, seemed to be gazing away across the ocean. At these times she looked so much like John that it was positively weird. Often times I have seen him stretched out on the sofa in the living room, between waking and sleeping, his eyelids only partly covering his dark eyes. At first, I could hardly hear the resemblance, for I really grieved greatly for John. Sometimes when I sat out on the deck and looked back across the pathway that the moon had silvered upon the sea, it seemed to me that I must talk to him once again. Again and again that old poem of Owen Meredith's came to me, a poem which I think I have written here sometime, before, but now it held almost an answer to the prophecy. Alice found me repeating it one evening.

"I think in the lives of most women and men  
That all would go smooth and even,  
If only the dead would know when  
To come back and be forgiven."

I was so glad that there was no rancor in my heart when I had bade John good-bye that day. He did not have to come back to be forgiven, for everything had been forgiven him when I turned my back on the new house to go back to the hotel and time alone. But it did take me a long time before I could forgive Elizabeth Meredith freely. Before I could make myself understand that perhaps Elizabeth persuaded herself that she was not doing wrong, that John had been here before, that she had been the transgressor.

I really believe that the night out there on the calm, tropical sea, when all at once it came to me that I didn't care any more, that time, the great console, had taken all bitterness from my heart. I started on a new life. It was then that for the last time, I had one of those telepathic pictures of Karl Shepard. I saw him plainly in his office, looking very tired and very wistful and I remarked, with surprise, that Karl was growing gray at the temples. I saw him take my latest letter out and read it and smile over the paragraph where I had told of Alice's witty comments on the strange people and things that we were seeing. I saw him draw the paper towards him and begin to write and I knew that very soon I should get a letter from him.

It was then I asked my heart a question. "Katherine," I said to myself, "are you beginning to care for Karl Shepard? And my heart answered, "There is no woman in all the world who would not care for a man who had been so reverentially devoted to Karl as he has been to you."

"Do you," my mind began to question, "only to be interrupted by my heart saying: 'Yes, I know, I shall probably never care for any man as I did for John. Therefore, to him I gave the primitive passion that one woman gives to one man. For him I suffered, with him I loved? No other man will be able to make me forget everything in his smile, and yet, I am not sure I am not sure."

Alice came up behind me and put her hands lightly over my eyes. Was it the moonlight that gave her face an almost unearthly radiance.

"Tomorrow we will put it out," she said, "away over there, down close to the horizon. If you look carefully you will see the flicker of the harbor lights, and Katherine, when we arrive there, I am going to send Tom a letter. A letter which will explain to Tom Staunton the happiest man on earth."

"Yes, dear, I do mean I think that the most wished for child in the world is coming."

TOMORROW—Alice's Crown.

## 'Bo on the Road or Housewife in the Model Laundry, It's All the Same on Wash Day

OUT IN THE OPEN, Sept. 24.—Me? Me rub my duds on a washboard? No! What d'you take us boys for, anyhow?

Sir Knight of the Railroad Ties proceeded to demonstrate. With the use of a tomato can from the same source of supply—the dump. At the pump near the section man's shanty, he filled the can with water, built a little fire on the ground, and set the can of water over it to heat.

A HOME-MADE PLENGER  
The next step in the operation was the selection, with the same degree of care, of a tomato can from the same source of supply—the dump. With the deftness of long practice he twisted off what remained of the lid. Turning the can upside down he punched holes in the bottom of it, and in the circumference for a distance of two inches from the bottom.

A stick about three feet long conveniently came to hand and was wedged into the can. By this time the water was hot. He took off what part of his "baggage" he considered to be in urgent need of treatment and tossed it into the can. Some flakes of laundry soap he chipped off with his jackknife. Then, with the food stick, he began to work the perforated tomato can up and down in the lard can, sloshing the clothes through the suds. A washing machine no less.

Now Mrs. Housewife does the same thing. She rebels from the washboard too. She gets her washing machine. The only difference is the price and the electric motor instead of the home-made "elbow" energy.

NOT A NEW IDEA

Somebody asked this hobo in question, at his transient job with the railroad construction gang, where he got the idea—who invented his "washing machine."

He didn't know.

"I've been in this game," he said, "more'n 50 years, and it was an old rag when I started."

Not all men have this same idea. There are many which toss the clothes back and forth through the hot suds, with various movements. But among the most popular are those which depend upon a plunger, either to cleanse the



The only difference seems to be the price and the electric motor instead of "elbow" energy.

clothes by friction, or by the use of vacuum cups which go up and down through the water. The force of the vacuum takes the place of friction.

So, while Mrs. Housewife in her modern laundry turns on the switch and presses the button, Sir Knight of the Road and the Railroad Ties, turns the switch to his "elbow" power and churns the tomato can up and down in the lard can. And they both wash their clothes.

What do you think of the person who pays the full price for coffee and doesn't get what she pays for?

The delightful fragrance—

The rich, smooth taste—

The invigoration and set-up for the day's work—

Isn't it too bad she doesn't know about the fine economical coffee in vacuum-sealed tins!

Schilling Coffee



Be sure to get real Resinol

If you want to get rid of eczema, pimples, or other distressing skin eruptions, you will accept no "substitute" for Resinol. Preparations similar in name or appearance are not "just the same as Resinol." Although a few unscrupulous dealers may offer them as or for Resinol, they are often crudely made, of little healing power, and some may even be dangerous to use. Buy in the original blue package.

Resinol is never sold in bulk

Excuse for coming down here and disturbing my rest? and pop, and I said, Well, gosh, pop, how can I sleep with a big mosquitoer keeping on getting on my nose and getting off again? What do you want me to do, go up and speak rudely to it? and pop, and I said, No sir, I just want it to come down and tell you. Which just then I heard something buzzing around my ear, saying, G. pop, we're Resinol, it must be followed me down stairs.

Well you folks your nose back up stairs, I'd like to get a little sleep tonight if you don't mind, sed pop.

Which I quick ran up to my room again and shut door to keep the mosquitoer out in case it was the same mosquitoer, which it probably was because this morning at breakfast I looked at pops face and there was a fearful bump rite on his eye, me saying, G. wizz, pop, holey smoke, was that that mosquitoer?

I didn't ask it eat your egg, sed pop, and I sed, Well, gosh, pop, do you think it was?

Shut up, sed pop.

Which I did.

HAPPY THOUGH IN JAIL: REASON? A STILL

HENDERSON, Ky.—Officials wondered why prisoners in the county jail were in such joyous mood. They didn't know a still was being operated within the hostile. Rod Davis, jailer, found a complete moonshine outfit operated by seven prisoners.

## Dorothy Dix Talks

THE ATTRACTION OF OPPOSITES  
By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

A young man writes to me that he is engaged to be married to a girl who is his opposite in every respect.

He is very religious. She is very worldly minded.

He is thrifty. She is extravagant and wasteful.

He is a professional man, interested in serious reading. She never reads anything except the fashion notes and the society page in the newspapers.

He thinks a great deal of his duty towards others. She is only selfishly bent of getting the best for herself.

He is amiable. She is high-tempered and censorious even get along with her own mother.

Now, although this girl fascinates the young man, and he loves her dearly, he doubts the wisdom of marrying her, and asks me what I think about it, and if he can change the girl into something nearer to his ideal of what a woman should be.

I think that marriage between people who look at life from opposite standpoints, and whose tastes differ on every subject from politics to pie is madness. The holy estate is bound to be nothing but a bloody battlefield for them, on which they fight out to a finish every question that arises between them.

Nobody's ideal of being happy is to be scrappy. The people whom we love and enjoy being with, are not those who antagonize us at every turn and who keep our fur rubbed continually the wrong way. Those of whose society we never tire are the congenial souls who think as we think, who are interested in the same subjects as we are, who enjoy the same things that we do, who can even mount the same hobbies that we ride and canter along contentedly at our side.

This is particularly true of matrimony where happiness or misery is made up, for the most part, of a multitude of little things. Comparatively few husbands and wives are each other to extinction because they have no common interest, or they get on each other's nerves because they differ on every subject under the sun.

A woman who is as interested in her husband's business as he is, can make an evening at home thrillingly interesting for both of them by listening with bated breath while he discusses about the grocery trade, or discusses his patients or his law patients with her, whereas, the wife who yawns in her husband's face when he tries to tell her of his life work, can send him to the club for company, and shed tears over her own forlornness in being left alone. A religious man can have his heart broken by a wife who sneers at his faith, and he can be kept in a perpetual wrangle over points of dogma. Many a family has been broken up by a baptism and open or close communion.

On the other hand, no married couples are so happy as those who go hand in hand to the same church, or

who have the same grand opera or moving picture taste.

It is far more important than young people realize for a man and woman who are about to marry, to think alike, and to hold the same ideals. That is, if they want to be happy.

For the attraction of opposites is a devilish contrivance of nature for the good of the species. It takes no account of the well-being of the individual. The very qualities of unlike-ness that draw people together before marriage and which pay the interest of the other, after marriage drives them apart. The girl, for instance, who is like a little playful kitten, and with about as much intelligence as a kitten, seems cute and amusing to an intellectual man before marriage, but after he is married to her, her ignorance and lack of brains no longer charm him. It makes him despise her as a fool and turn to other women for companionship.

And the little butterfly girl is equally unhappy. She thought it would be wonderful to sit forever at the feet of a great, wise man and worship him as he were a god, but she gets tired of this when it is a daily program, and wants somebody to play about with her, to take her to dances and cabarets and talk the jargon of the street, which is the only language she understands.

As for men and women taking to themselves wives and husbands that don't quite like, with a view of making their own life, that is the supreme folly that keeps the divorce courts working overtime. It simply can't be done. When a man and woman are matched the marriageable age, their characters are formed. They have come into their inheritance of brains and principles, and while these may be slightly altered by circumstances and associations, they are never materially changed.

The silly woman is going to be silly to the end of the chapter. The girl who kept her father's nose to the grindstone is going to keep her husband's nose to the grindstone. The girl who could not get along with her mother, is going to quarrel with her husband. The man who is lazy and unenterprising as a boy, is going to make a lousy man. He who is a brutal and rude to his mother and sisters, will yoke out his boorishness on his wife. The stingy boy makes a tight-bad husband, and so it goes.

Marriage doesn't change people. It just develops to the highest degree the best and the worst in them.

The sensible thing is not to marry your opposite, but your double, and to pick out for a life partner the kind of a person who is already what you like, instead of taking something you don't want, and trying to make it over into what you fancy.

—DOROTHY DIX.

POLICE AFTER MAN

(By International News Service.)

CONCORD, Mass.—The Concord police are aiding the farmers of the Nine Acre Corner section in an attempt to run down the thieves who are making raids on corn, potatoes and other vegetables.

It is said that the thieving is done by men from a neighboring town, who load an auto truck each night. While several of the party go to the river to "fish" the others go through the woods to the farms. The fishermen watch while the raiders work.

—DOROTHY DIX.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—Wilbur Ought to Get Along Fine.

WILBUR, THIS WILL BE YOUR FIRST TRIP OUT ON THE ROAD AND I WANT YOU TO TRY AND MAKE GOOD - OF COURSE YOU KNOW WHEN YOU GO TO A HOTEL YOU'VE HAVE TO REGISTER - WRITE YOUR NAME AND THE TOWN YOU'RE FROM - YOU'LL NOTICE HOW THE OTHER NAMES ARE ON THE REGISTER!

SURE, I'LL SIGN UP LIKE THE OTHERS DO

I THINK I CAN FIX YOU UP ALL RIGHT!

H. H. Birch, Hupfeld, C. J. Black & Valer

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## BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE GUMPY

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Once upon a time Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzie, the muskrat lady housekeeper for Uncle Wiggily, was busy in the kitchen of the hollow stump bungalow.

"What are you doing, Miss Fuzzy Wuzzie?" asked the funny rabbit gentleman, as he made a low and polite bow with his tail silk that while his pink nose twinkled like a strawberry in a diamond ring.

"I am making a coconut cake," answered Nurse Jane.

"May I help?" asked Uncle Wiggily, who was always anxious to do little things round the bungalow.

"You may fix the coconut for me," answered Nurse Jane. "I'll give you the grater and rub some of the white pieces of coconut up and down on it. The rough grater will shred the coconut, and fine so I can put it in the cake."

"Right gladly will I do that," spoke Uncle Wiggily, like a moving picture, and taking off his black coat, his red vest and his white shirt, he stepped out of a chair he started to help Nurse Jane.

Uncle Wiggily was grating away at the coconut, and he was thinking what a dandy cake Nurse Jane was going to make when, all of a sudden, at the open window of the kitchen Mr. Longears heard a voice say:

"Well, how is your house?"

The bunny looked up and there he saw a funny creature, with a face like a jack-o'-lantern looking at him.

"Souse!" You know, any of my souse," cried Uncle Wiggily, and before he knew what he was doing he threw the tin grater through the window, right in the pumpkin jack-o'-lantern face of the bad chap that had asked about souse.

"There! Take that!" cried Uncle Wiggily, and the funny animal gave a loud yell of "Ouch!" and ran away.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily, I hope you aren't hurt!" exclaimed Nurse Jane.

"No, I'm all right," answered the bunny gentleman. "But I fear I have lost your coconut grater. I threw it out of the window at the pumpkin faced chap. However, it may have fallen in the weeds. I'll see if I can get it for the cake."

Uncle Wiggily looked among the weeds under the window for the grater but it was not to be found. Nurse Jane also helped to look, but it was of no use. The grater was gone.

"Maybe that bad animal took it," said the muskrat lady.

"I think not," answered Uncle Wiggily. "It must be hidden somewhere around." But the more he and Nurse Jane looked the less they found, and finally the muskrat lady said:

"Well, I must go in and fix my cake."

"And I'll take a hop to the six-and-seventeen-cent store and get a new grater for you," said Nurse Jane.

Over the fields and through the woods he hopped, but when he was half way to the eleven-and-a-half-cent store, he saw Jacko Kinkytail, the monkey boy, picking up from the ground some cones from a pine tree, off which they had fallen.

In the pine cones I never heard you were fond of them.

"Oh, I don't eat pine tree cones," chuckled the monkey boy. "But my mother is making a coconut cake and she broke her grater. So she sent me out to get some of these cones. They are rough, just like the tin graters you buy in the drug store, and she says I may help her grate the coconut on a pine cone and she'll give me a piece of cake."

"Fine!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "I had forgotten that a pine cone would make a good grater for nutmegs or coconuts. I'll take some home and help Nurse Jane finish her cake."

Jacko picked up what cones he wanted, and then Uncle Wiggily filled his pockets to take some to Nurse Jane so he might help her finish making the coconut cake.

Uncle Wiggily was almost at the hollow stump bungalow, and he was feeling the rough, grater pine cones in his pockets, when, all of a sudden, out from behind a bush jumped the grumpy, grumpy-faced Jacko Kinkytail chap at whom he had thrown the grater.

"I want souse! I want souse!" cried the bad chap, and he was just going to grab Uncle Wiggily's ears when the bunny asked:

"Who are you? I know you are not the Pipsipaw or the Skeezle."

"I am the Gumpy," was the answer. "And souse I want and souse from your ears I must have!"

"Well, just wait a minute!" said Uncle Wiggily, and hold these until I see whether I can spare you any souse," and with that the bunny took out a double pawful of the rough, grater pine cones. The Gumpy held out his paws and Uncle Wiggily tossed the cones into them.

"Oh, wow! Ouch! Oh, how rough and sticky and prickly they are! I can't hold these!" cried the Gumpy. His paws were as soft as the softest of gum drops, after which he was named, and the rough cones so scratched and tickled him, that he dropped them and ran off through the weeds crying.

"I'll be good! I'll be good!" I won't take your souse!"

"Well, souse you'd better not!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "I'm glad I thought of putting the rough pine cones in your soft gum drop paws." And then, taking enough pine cones to grate his souse, he ran home.

So this teaches us that even though apple dumplings are soft they are good to eat, if the buttered flower doesn't take a drink of sour milk and make a funny face at the cream pitcher. I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the tree house.

—DOROTHY DIX.

IN SAN FRANCISCO

(By International News Service.)

SAN FRANCISCO.—Residents of San Francisco are training goats for the first time. The goats are being trained to become the favorite beverage.

For the supervisor's health committee has let down the bars on goats to graze on the city's garbage.

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## Sister Mary's Kitchen

When the season draws near its close there are always green tomatoes left on the vines in danger of frost.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.  
1 peck green tomatoes  
4 large onions  
3 1/2 cups salt

Slice tomatoes and onions. Put salt over both, mix thoroughly and let stand over night. In the morning drain. Put tomatoes and onions in preserving kettle, cover with 2 quarts of water and 1 quart of vinegar and boil 20 minutes. Drain and throw the liquid away. Put tomatoes and onions back in preserving kettle and add—

2 quarts vinegar  
2 pounds sugar  
2 tablespoons allspice  
2 tablespoons cloves  
2 tablespoons cinnamon  
2 tablespoons ginger  
2 tablespoons mustard  
12 green peppers chopped fine

Boil from one to two hours. Put away in a stone crock.

Picallilli is also made of green tomatoes.

—DOROTHY DIX.

THE OVERHAULING.

If you are not in the very best of physical condition, this is the best time of the year to have yourself thoroughly examined by a competent physician with an idea of learning what is wrong and having it remedied.

The illustration to show the contrast between the care one bestows on his automobile and his body is quite old and overworked, but it is none the less good.

The careful autoists insist on the best of lubricating oils and fuel for their cars and send it to the shop at regular intervals for expert care. But the same man is not so careful about the engine that keeps his wonderful body moving and seldom thinks of it at all until there is a complete breakdown.

The good physician can usually detect signs of a breakdown in the human body long before the actual breakdown occurs and in a majority of instances outline preventive measures. Many a serious illness and untimely death could be avoided if the average person would give the doctor a chance to prevent, rather than to cure an ailment. Any time of the year is a good time to heed this advice, but this season in particular, since the weak, run-down body is a ready prey for respiratory diseases that are so prevalent during the rigors of a severe winter.

—DOROTHY DIX.

WAR WIDOWS STAY

SINGLE SHORT TIME

LONDON.—The South London postmistress states that of all the 1814 and 1815 war widows on her books, only one has remained single.

—DOROTHY DIX.

TABLETS OR LIQUID

SOLD EVERYWHERE

—DOROTHY DIX.

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